

Wayland, June 24th, 1877.

Friend Higginson,

I am sorry

you do not want the book I offered; for it would have given me pleasure to have sent it to you.

You say you fear I did not recognize you at the Free Religious Meeting. Why, my honored friend, I am not aware that I saw you. I was on the look out for you, and should have run eagerly to meet you, had I known you were there. After the meeting, a gentleman came and said to me, "You did not say you were glad to see me; but I am always glad to see you". I was doubtful, at the time, who it might be, but, thinking of it afterward, I concluded

it was probably James F. Clarke.
Could it possibly have been you?
If I thought it was, I should be
vexed at my stupidity; for you
were the person with whom I was
peculiarly earnest to have a talk,
and I came away much disappoint-
ed that I had missed of seeing you.

Still it is possible that I mistook
you for J. F. Clarke. Twenty five
years of extreme seclusion have
rendered my remembrance of faces
rather hazy. You speak of my
being away with Mr. Channing
and Mr. Davis. I had a talk
with Mr. Channing, who is as
tropical as ever; but I did not
see any Mr. Davis.

I wish the rationalists were as active
and zealous as the fanatics; but it
is not in the nature of things that
they should be so. I am sometimes
impatient at the slow demolition of
false and harmful traditions.

I thank you for your sensible editorial in the Woman's Journal of June 23^d. The cause of woman suffers a good deal from the flippant and conceited utterances of such writers as Gail Hamilton. She is a sample of a real female mind, as that phrase has been applied by satirists, smart, self-conscious, unreflecting and untrained. She attracts a large class of minds similar to her own in superficiality, who receive her "Woman's Worth & Worthlessness" as an infallible standard on the woman question.

|| With regard to the question concerning which I wrote in my last, I agree with you in thinking that I have had communications from intelligences not in the flesh. What they are, and whence they are, I know not; but that they are somewhere out of our plane

L. Maria Child
of existence seems to me as plain
as proof can make any untangible
subject. James F. Clarke thinks
the agency of unembodied spirits
can alone account for phenomena
that have come under his own
observation, but he attributes the
influence to evil spirits. That
explanation renders the subject
none the less puzzling, and some
of the phenomena that I have
witnessed seem the very reverse of
evil in their character.

However, the whole subject is so
tantalizing and unsatisfactory,
I do not wonder intelligent minds
become disgusted and weary
with running after phantoms. //

Ever your affectionate old friend,

L. Maria Child.

